

The WARCRY

J. Bond
1915*Bringing Home the Christmas Tree*

Xmas Number. D5

BETHLEHEM'S STAR STILL SHINES

By MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF JOY must this year for all but some of the little children be shadowed with sorrow. For those too young to understand and realize the anguish and sorrow of this terrible war, their parents and friends will, I hope, arrange some happy hours. Christmas is usually a bright star in the outlook of the young, and the opportunities of enjoying the celebration as a child are none too many. From my heart I would say therefore to the little ones, 'A Merry Christmas, my darlings! I hope that you may be happy, and happier still because you have stretched out even your tiny hands to help some of those who are in darkness and sorrow at this time.'

For, alas! how large a part of the earth is clouded with sorrow. And yet, even so far as this happy festival is concerned, this is nothing new. Has not sorrow been associated with Christmas since the day when those bitter tears were drawn from the eyes of the mothers in Palestine? 'In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not.'

What a countless number of Rachels weeping for their lost ones are to be found in our midst at this time—throughout Great Britain and her colonies, in Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, Serbia, Turkey, Russia, and Japan! Yet in spite of the raging conflict, and in the midst of the bitter sorrow, the Star of Bethlehem does still shine for all! We cannot be reminded of the return of the Christmas Festival—of that greatest of all mysteries—that most wonderful of all miracles—that most far-reaching of all facts—when 'the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us'—when God came down to earth in the form of a tender babe on its mother's breast—without rejoicing in that manifestation which made it possible for us to know that God is Love. Even in the dark winter of 1915 we may join with the multitudes of the Heavenly Host in praising God for His great Gift, and pray while we praise.

The shade of sorrow resting upon so many peoples just now may by God's blessing serve to make more brilliant the brightness of the Star of Bethlehem. The messengers, that over land and sea have been speeding

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THE WAR CRY EDITORIAL COMMENT

A GLIMPSE OF DAWN

Watchman, what of the night?

"The night is far spent and the day is at hand."

WE BELIEVE THIS TO BE TRUE of the long, bloody night of war. Yet at no time during the year that has passed has the gloom been more dense or widespread than now. Since we wrote of the war in our last Christmas Number the world has seen such deeds of violence and bloodshed as were never reached on this old round earth before. The terror that flich by night and the pestilence that wastes at noon day were never so fearsome in form and destructive in power as in this twentieth century. The tortures of the blood-lusting Iroquois warriors were mild compared to terror of poison gas, aerial bombs, bursting torpedoes, and the deeds done in accordance with a policy of frightfulness. Again, never at any period of the war has there been so many belligerent countries as now. Truly, it is a time of Egyptian darkness! But, hearken! It is the darkness that cometh before the dawn—the night is far spent and the day is at hand. And surely the world is longing for the daybreak. The day-spring from on high has visited us, and if man had not been so blinded by this world, long ere this the spear would have been beaten into the ploughshare, and cannon would only be places in which birds would build their nests. However, up to the present, pride has ruled men's hearts; selfish ambitions have swayed their souls; they have neglected God, and, in consequence, the world, at the time of writing, is steeped in woe. But saith the Almighty, "Vengeance is mine! I will repay!" So sovereign and people who will this calamity of woe will have to drink the bitter cup of abasement to the dregs. And what then? Man will have learned the folly of war, and will exalt the Prince of Peace. So let us pursue the path of duty with an unfaltering trust in the Fatherhood of God, and confidence that all will come right, cheerfully making such sacrifices for the bringing about of righteousness and peace as may be demanded, and looking to the time when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings.

AN INTERNATIONAL RELIGION

N AN INTERVIEW with the General Mr. Harold Begbie

1915—

"William Booth—that mighty old man with the heart of a child—did what no Englishman had ever done before him, did the one thing no Englishman was supposed capable of doing: he established an international religion—one among all the religious organizations in Great Britain, The Salvation Army international."

"The son of William Booth relents in his seat, and finds just now the international religion buffeted by the winds of war. He of all ruling leaders in this country is most concerned by the international character of the war. German Salvationists are shooting English Salvationists, and Russian Salvationists are shooting Austrian Salvationists. The General of The Salvation Army, like the Pope in Rome, must keep his head. He keeps it, I think, very carefully."

That Salvationists can serve their respective countries and still love one another is abundantly shown, we think, by the remarkable cases given in the article, "Salvationists on the Battlefield," found in this number.

SALVATIONISTS AT THE FRONT

ACCORDING TO THE GENERAL'S STATEMENT to Mr. Harold Begbie in an interview, there are forty thousand Salvationists in the British Army—"twenty thousand out-and-agers and twenty thousand adherents." This, to us, seems rather a conservative estimate. At one of our Toronto Corps, up to last September, seventeen Bandsmen, twenty Soldiers, and fifty-three adherents had enlisted. We enquired of other Corps in the Territory, and the proportion of Soldiers and adherents works out in the proportion of thirty Soldiers to fifty adherents. Salvationists take this war very seriously, and are none the worse soldiers on that account. The youngest company sergeant-major in the British Army is an Ottawa Bandsman—now in the trenches, if he is not in Glory. Several Salvationists have won Distinguished Conduct Medals, and one, at least, that we know of has won the Victoria Cross; whilst several others have received commissions. Some Salvationists are troubled in their souls at having to kill, and one of them

mentioned this difficulty to another Salvationist, who thus made answer: "Look here, what you've got to do is this: you've got to do your duty to God and King and country. If, in the course of doing that duty, you happen to kill your fellow-man, that is no affair of yours." The Salvationist's conception of duty in this war is shown by the words of a dying Salvationist: "Tell my wife," said he to a Salvation Army Officer, "that I died for King and country, but I died for her and the children, too. Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend. That is the spirit in which Salvationists fight. This will be a sorrowful Christmas for many a wife and mother. Let us remember them in our prayers and comfort them by our ministrations of kindness."

RED CROSS MOTOR CARS

WE UNDERSTAND that the Maple Leaf Unit of five Motor Ambulances for service at the front, dedicated by the Commissioner at the recent Toronto Congress, and sent by him to The General, has arrived in England, and will be duly dispatched to Russia. These cars, as the other Salvation Army Units at the front, will be operated by Salvationists.

THE THIRD GENERATION

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING PAGES in our Christmas Number—Salvationists, at any rate—will be the page of portraits of the sons and daughters of General and Mrs. Bramwell Booth—"The Third Generation." The young people look what they undoubtedly are—Blood-and-Fire Salvationists. They reflect credit on their parentage and create confidence for the future. Their natural abilities and educational attainments qualify them for posts of great usefulness, and that they abundantly possess the spirit of The Army is made very clear in the delightful personal sketches of them found elsewhere in this issue. We heartily congratulate The General and Mrs. Booth on their splendid family, and pray that their highest hopes for them may be altogether realized. God bless all, and a happy Christmas to them, everyone!

AN EPOCHAL HAPPENING

THE PAST YEAR has been notable for an epoch-making development in connection with the administration of The Salvation Army in Canada. We refer to the separation of the Western Provinces from those of the East.

The separation took place last July, and Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton were, by the General, entrusted with the new Territory—Canada West, as the new Territory is officially designated. They have been well received, and in labours have been abundant, having visited nearly every part of their extensive Command. The Commissioner's last appointment was in India, and we have secured from him the promise of an interesting account of The Army's operations in the Indian Empire for our next Easter Number. One striking feature of that special issue will be the portraits of Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton similar in style to the handsome portraits of Commissioner and Mrs. Richards found in this issue.

NEW RECORDS

IT IS JUST A LITTLE OVER TWELVE MONTHS since Commissioner Richards took command of the Eastern portion of Canada, Newfoundland, and the Bermudas. During that time he has established new records. His first Self-Denial Effort resulted in an excess of nearly nine thousand dollars over any previous Effort—a total of \$32,519. And the Fall Councils, occupying a period of eight days, including five great meetings in the Massey Hall, were a magnificent success. In connection with these Councils, the greatest change of Staff Officers in Canada took place. During his first ten months' stay in Canada, the Commissioner travelled thirty-eight thousand miles, and conducted successful meetings attended by upwards of one hundred thousand persons, at which a thousand professed to find Salvation and the same number the blessing of Sacrament. During this same period the Commission inaugurated the Life-Saving Scouts—a picture of a Toronto Troop appears elsewhere—and the Girl Guards. These two Organizations are similar in aim: the main purposes being the



COMMISSIONER AND MRS. SOWTON, CANADA WEST



ON MEN AND MATTERS CANADIAN

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

ONE OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS depicts a subject that is likely to strike a tender chord in many a heart this Christmas. It is that entitled "Somewhere in France." Many a young wife and mother in Canada at this Christmas-tide will remember with a sorrowful heart that last Christmas the Bandsman-husband was at home by her side, but this Christmas he is subject to the hardships and dangers of the battlefield in the great war against war. Approximately two hundred and fifty Canadian Salvation Army Bandsmen alone are serving their God, King, and country with the overseas forces. Let us who, by sex, age, or other disability, cannot serve our country in this way, do what we can by means of tender hearts and cheerful countenances to bring cheer and consolation into the homes and lives of those who are bereft or saddened by the suffering and absence of loved ones. Let us remind them of Christ the Great Consoler, and also continue our prayers for absent comrades at the front. But not comrades of our own nationality only: let us remember that God has made of one blood all nations and races of men, and that French and German, Russian and Hun, may turn their dying eyes to the life-giving Cross.

OUR ARMY AND THE WAR

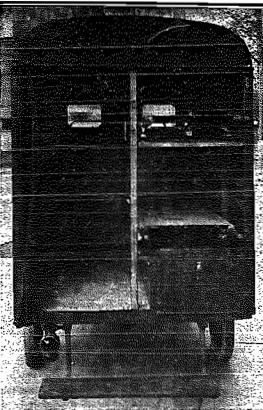
AT ONE OF THE SESSIONS of the Annual Congress meetings held in Toronto last October for the Province of Ontario, attended by five hundred Officer-Delegates, a message was received from The General to the Officers of Eastern Canada, which evoked much thrilling enthusiasm. From the text of the following paragraph:

"Your steadfast devotion to the principles of The Army, and your faith in God, following upon the dark mystery of the St. Lawrence River, have both encouraged my own soul and raised my hopes on high for a glorious future. Join with me in thanking God for this, and also for the steady advance of The Army in the whole world. Since your last annual gathering, the dark clouds of war have been a gathering and heavy over many of the great nations of the earth. Vast hosts of armed men are, as I write, struggling in deadly conflict; while countless millions of innocent persons are suffering the most appalling consequences of war; while over a still wider area of human life the spirit of hate, which is the enemy of all that is good, abides in the present, and in the future, the foe of both God and man."

"Amidst all these grand and agitating perils, it is a blessed thing to be able to report that our beloved Army, sustained by the devotion and enthusiasm of its own people, and by the hand of God, is going forward. The year has been a fruitful year—a year of advance—a year of increase—a year, in spite of all, of Love and Faith and Victory."

"My Comrades, I feel that I may congratulate you on the fellowship of love between you and your highly-appointed Leader, Commissioner Richards. It seems to me that in this I can see a sign of the approval of God upon my selection of a Successor to one whose memory will always be precious in Canada—dear Commissioner Rees. May the Living God confirm and establish you in each other's hearts, and graciously answer the prayers for others which are sent to Him."

A Khaki Band of over sixty members—all Toronto Salvationists from the military camp at Niagara—took part in some of the meetings held in connection with this Congress. They rendered excellent service, and expressed a desire that the Khaki Band, during their stay in the Toronto training camp, should, if they remain intact, be utilized in specializing in some of the nearby towns. If military (Concluded on Page 6)



A Rear View, showing the interior of a Motor Ambulance



One of the newly-formed Life-Saving Guards

and confidence which has already discovered itself between you and your Leader. It seems to me that in this I can see a sign of the approval of God upon my selection of a Successor to one whose memory will always be precious in Canada—dear Commissioner Rees. May the Living God confirm and establish you in each other's hearts, and graciously answer the prayers for others which are sent to Him."

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BETHLEHEM'S STAR STILL SHINES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE)

to thousands of homes with their sad tidings of bereavement and suffering, will surely make the glad tidings of great joy that proclaimed the Saviour's birth only the more welcome!

Have not the shackles of the slave, and the dungeon of the oppressor in every age, magnified the light of liberty and freedom? And for us in this time of awful conflict, will not the carnage, the strife, the cruelty, the desolation, make the message of peace on earth, goodwill toward men, the more precious just because the need is so great?

If this message had never been proclaimed, how black indeed had been our darkness! But glory to God in the Highest, the Saviour has come. There is no night so dark but that the Star of Bethlehem can lighten it! There is no sorrow so bitter that the Son of God cannot share, for "surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows"! In all our afflictions, He is afflicted, and when our heart is breaking, the Angel of His Presence can save us from despair. There is now no night without a dawn, no afflicted one who cannot be comforted.

Sorrow and Love go side by side.
Nor height, nor depth can e'er divide
Their heart's opposing bands.
Those whose destinies still are one,
Nor till the rate of life is run
Disjoin their wedded hands.

So let the followers of Christ lift up their heads on this precious Anniversary of our Saviour's birth, and let them go forth with greater assurance than ever before to carry the unsalfing remedy for all ills into the darkest places at this dark time.

Go forth to prepare the way for the Light of the World. The Light of His Understanding proclaiming that He knows all things and that He is above all—that the government is upon His shoulder—that the hearts of kings and rulers and governors are in His hand—that the Lord reigneth! "Alleluia! for the Lord omnipotent reigneth!"

And prepare the way also for the Light of His Compassion! There is no suffering but reaches His heart. His ears have heard the little child-



MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

OUR ARMY AND THE WAR

(Continued from Page 5)

accessories permit the men remaining in Toronto over the winter, arrangements will be made to

give effect to this proposal. Testimonies are reaching us from all hands as to the good influence that Salvationists bring to the rest of the men with whom they are brought into contact. Many have been led to Christ, or led to abandon

harmful habits, through the personal efforts of Salvationist comrades, while the efforts of the Chaplains in their public meetings have been largely owned of God. Let us continue steadfast in our prayers on their behalf.



The Motor Ambulance Unit Presented to The General by Canada East, for Service Among our Russian Allies

SALVATIONISTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

HOW BRITISH, BELGIAN & GERMAN SALVATION SOLDIERS HELPED ONE ANOTHER

PLPLEDID examples of the carrying out of the Divine command to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's, come to us from the gay fields of Northern France. Salvationists, as the following stories show, not only do their duty to the duly constituted authorities, but also keep before them the precept of the Great Captain of their Salvation:—

A CUP OF COLD WATER

"The battle of — was in progress, and our trenches were being raked by the enemy. We were expecting to hear that the German guns would be silent, and presently along the line came the order 'Charge!' We moved into the open and rushed forward, met by a perfect hail of bullets. Many of our men bit the dust, but we who remained came to grips with the enemy. I cannot write of what happened then. The killing of men is a ghastly

"On the way back to the trenches I saw a poor German soldier trying to get to his water bottle. He was in a fearful condition. I knelt down by his side. Finding his own water bottle was empty, I gave him water from mine. Somewhat revived, he opened his eyes and said my Salvation Army League! " "Yes, brother," he whispered in broken English, "Salvation Army? I also am a Salvation Soldier." Then he felt for his Army badge. It was still pinned to his coat, though bespattered with blood.

"I think we both shed a few tears, and then I picked up his poor, broken body, and with as much tenderness as possible, for the battle-hail of death was beginning again. I carried him to the ambulance. But he was beyond human aid. When I placed him on the wagon he gave a gentle tug at my coat; thinking he wanted to say something I bent low and listened, and he whispered: 'Jesus, save with Jesus!'

A CUP OF TEA

"There's one man down!" shouted a sergeant of an East Lancashire Regiment, as he saw one of our section fall about fifty yards from where he was standing.

"Rush him up to the aid-post," ordered the sergeant.

"I at once ran to pick him up and carry him to the little wooden building used as a temporary hospital.

"On the way toward him I was struck in the arm, but I managed to get my man, and started off with him to the hospital. I was not angry, but instead, through the aid of the hospital with my burden. There I found two other wounded men—a Britisher and a German.

"The latter was seriously injured in the stomach and was calling for a drink.

"Kneeling by his side, I said in German, "Would you like water?" he answered, "hot!"

"And I determined that if I got shot in the attempt, the poor fellow should not die without having had something to warm him. I said to myself, 'I know I am ready, I'll chance it; if I do not get hit, Heaven's my Home, what matters?'

"I had my wounds dressed, and then went out.

"First I made tracks for the pump, about one hundred yards from the shed, walking as best I could some of the distance, and crawling the remainder, for the shells were falling and exploding all about me. Thank God, He spared me to get there safely.

"Having got the water safely I gathered some sticks, and went back to the shed; taking some matches from my pocket I lit a fire in the open and, with the water, made tea and took it into the hospital. Shells were whistling around all the time.

"My poor German was too far gone to move,

so getting down, I placed his head upon my knee and gave him a drink. Oh, how grateful he was; tears of gratitude came into his eyes.

"I had never met that moment all enemy was forgotten, and we loved each other. Thank God He spared me to do at least that one act of kindness to a fallen foe."

"Then I shall give you mine for yourself, though I am slightly hurt."

"But you haven't got a Salvation Army guernsey," said the wondering Le Clerc. (He was prepared for surprises in the Old Country, but hardly for that.)

"Indeed I have," said the other, "and I have

THE GIFT OF A GUERNSEY

When the Highgate Salvation Army Corps Band visited the King Albert Hospital for convalescent Belgian soldiers, the Bandsmen were greatly surprised to find that the German guns were silent, and the English words "God is Love" substituted. Why? And how did he come by it? were questions which immediately sprang into existence, and to answer them occasions the telling of an interesting story within a story, a story which takes one back to the streets of Belgium during September of last year.

The guard of a cardigan jacket that was observed in a Salvation Army shop, that title had been substituted and the English words "God is Love" substituted. Why? And how did he come by it? were questions which immediately sprang into existence, and to answer them occasions the telling of an interesting story within a story, a story which takes one back to the streets of Belgium during September of last year.

One day our comrade came across a German soldier who had just been taken prisoner. By means of unmistakable signs he gave Le Clerc to understand that he also was a Salvationist, and the two enemies were presently fraternizing as friends. The weather was cold and the German was insufficiently clad, so Brother Le Clerc

wore it off and on for nearly twenty-five years. It is still good! And so it was the clergyman's reply. Le Clerc was wearing before his one hundred and eighty comrades in that Highgate hospital when the Band came.

We are inclined to share the Belgian's wonder, for it is not exactly usual that a Church clergyman, however "warm," should own and wear a Salvation Army guernsey. How did this thing come about? That makes the story!

Twenty-five years ago in the neighbourhood of Lowestoft a certain fisherman, not over particular as to his language, fond of strong liquor potations, and altogether indifferent to religion. His wife, on the other hand, was a Salvationist, a woman of prayer, and she was strictly tried and exacting by her husband's standards. The clergyman in question used to go out upon the sea with the trawlers in his quest of souls, and in him she confided her concern. One night on the dark water God gave him the man's soul. The grateful convert, out of respect to his spiritual father, said he would join the Church, but the clergyman said, "No."

Your wife is a Salvationist; she has been praying for you. Be the same; serve God together!" He obeyed, and their's became a proper Salvation Army home.

Knowing her benefactor to go on long sea journeys, as far north as the Shetlands, so break and cold, the wife got him to accept from her a garment which she had made of a warm Salvation Army guernsey of the jacket shape. This our friend wore when extra bodily cold (and, may we add, when extra spiritually warm) on his travels, and at Salvation Army meetings in the Orkneys.

Feeling that perhaps this was not entitled to be called by its "Salvation Army" words, these were replaced by "God is Love." When not being worn the jacket was carefully kept from moth and dust by its owner. And only a great admiration for our Belgian comrade made me offer up a gift after these years of possession. In many scenes and strange times, on Brother Le Clerc's soldierly frame, the guernsey is performing its witticising service still.

NEAR TURKISH TRENCHES

An interesting letter is to hand from The Salvation Army Chaplain, Brigadier McKeehan, who is with the Australian troops. From the Gallipoli Peninsula he writes:—

"I came right up into the firing line with the troops of the 1st Brigade, where the Turkish trenches are within fifty yards of us. I was sent for to help the boys were anxious I should be with them, and to tell the truth, I was yearning to be with them, and near them. They were more than glad to meet me, and it is touching to see how solicitous they are for my welfare and safety.

"You will, of course, read all about our terrible struggle. The Australians have accomplished the impossible, and very many brave things have been done that will never be heard of. Their achievement ranks as one of the most gallant feats in the present war. Of course, we have had to pay a heavy toll. We had no guns, and the Turks had, and had to fall in a deadly hail of shrapnel, machine guns, and an earthen trench after.

"The loss of so many brave and brave men is a sore trial to me, and it has been, my soul with anguish.

"I am reading the burial service over many of them, and also to conduct a good many funerals every day. Our colonel, with our brigadier, brigadier general, and other gallant officers, lost the first two days.

"We found the colonel's body the first day I arrived, lying in an exposed position. We hurried him at 9 p.m. I had to lie in a crouching position to read the service, the bullets by the hundreds meanwhile whistling over my head. By the mercy of God I continue to the present, although I was nearly 'out' on four separate occasions. (Concluded on Page 30.)



THE GLORY OF WAR

divested himself of his warm red guernsey and gave it to the other. Strange scene it was in the battle field! A Belgian colonel noted the act and expressed some surprise.

"Oh, but he's my brother in Christ," explained Le Clerc, the officer.

"A strange brother," said the colonel with an asperious smile. "I wonder you trust him!"

"Brother Salvationist, sir," added Le Clerc, "he's all right."

The next month our comrade was wounded, and found himself, in due course, being treated in a hospital near Yarmouth. To his bedside came a clergyman who recently had been a prisoner of war. When a Salvationist he became deeply interested, and they had a number of conversations from time to time. One day Le Clerc told of the battle field incident, and the handing over of the guernsey. This moved his new friend so much that he said:—

"Then I shall give you mine for yourself, though I am slightly hurt."

"But you haven't got a Salvation Army guernsey," said the wondering Le Clerc. (He was prepared for surprises in the Old Country, but hardly for that.)

"Indeed I have," said the other, "and I have

GOD'S PROMISES & MAN'S FAITH

By Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg

"The Promises of God are sure— they are sure if— if— you will only believe!" Last Words of the Late General Booth

Suppose there was never a time in the history of the world when was realized a greater need of faith in the living God than for the present—not because there have not been other wars, for there have been innumerable, perhaps innumerable, as there is that which is now affecting the whole world—but rather because there never has been a war when civilization had reached the advanced stage of the present day, and religion became so widely established upon the face of the earth. Neither must we forget that science has done in the way of the horrible inventions of torture and death that now exist. "The mighty guns, the deadly hidden mines, the bombs, the war in the air." But, then, I am not wrong when I say that never in the world felt its foundation, so to speak, so shaken, and never perhaps have Christians felt the utter need of clinging fast to the bulwarks of faith as to-day.

I have thought, sometimes, that if this war had been predicted before my father's death—or, if, during those last days when he was fighting his way through the dark valley it had been revealed to him that such a period of strife, attended by such a harvest of calamity and woe, was already nearing its dawn, the last legacy he left us, the last conscious words he breathed on earth, could not have been more beautifully chosen wherein to comfort us during these years of test since our loss!

I wonder how many—I was going to say thousands—of times I have gone over that last Sunday when he spoke them, and seen the sunshine as it danced upon the pattern of the red carpet in the sick chamber. I have seen the glow of its warm rays those eager, sightless eyes, and witnessed those wonderful, long, thin fingers that clasped in their nervous grip the loving, tender hands of my dear brother! That dear, burning head, as I held it in my hands, and the soft, white hair as I stroked it from the hot, feverish, yet death-stinted, brow. Oh, yes! Thousands of times I have seen that vision! In the railway cars I have seen it! In the hard, long, prayer meeting service for souls, I have seen it! Reckoned in the weeping eyes of the penitent at the Penitent Form, I have seen it! And now, even at this Christmastide, I shall see it all again! Then those words that I heard those dear lips utter, they were spoken with a struggle, but out of earnest. What a precious legacy for future generations. The promises of God are sure—if you will only believe!"

Oh, was it not just as if he knew what was coming? All the hate, all the anguish, all the awful sea of death that was going to sweep away in its remorseless waves the pick and prime of the nations' manhood! Just as though he knew we, whom he was going to leave behind, would want something that was more than a "feeling of power" to hold out to a world bathed in mourning! Something more than a "sheet of paper" to whisper to the dying; just as if he knew—bless him! We did not, we could not see or understand the why and wherefore of that seeming mystery; but since then much of the veil concerning his death has been drawn away from our eyes, and we are glad he went. But his legacy he left behind him. The promises of God they are sure, if—? Ah, that's it! Oh, the thought of it! The thought of it! The thoughts of us. When we have buried our loved ones—when we have come from the grave—Oh, the many "ifs" that torture us! If only I had tried that! If only I had taken them to that doctor, or to that climate, we have said, until our reason has trembled in the balance, and we have called out in our anguish, "What is the use now that they are gone?"

Does not the equal torment and torture the sinner—the backslider? "If that morning I contemplated committing the capital crime of murder, I had fallen upon my knees and prayed to God, my hands would never have been stained with blood," said the murderer through his sobs the morning he was to be executed. "If only I had embraced my Cross afresh, instead of laying it

down for what looked like a crown, I should not see written on my dark way every night in large white letters the words, 'Lost opportunity,'" said the Outcast to himself, her hot, feverish hand pressing mine, and her hot tears fell upon it.

"If only I could have given my sweet baby back to the Father who gives and the Father who takes, this terrible pain caused by rebellion would cease," spoke the sweetest of young mothers, as her dead darling upon her knee, she kept planting burning kisses, watered by her scorching tears, upon the marble face, as though the living would not make her wake from that strange, cold sleep. "Oh, yes, that 'if'! What applies it presents, or yet that unspeakable joy, comfort, or peace it would—all the unhonorable blessing contained in the numberless promises of God—are sure and eternal as the Rock of Ages. 'If we will only believe'—'If we will only believe'!"

But let us for one moment recall the Master who spoke those words. He lived for eight years, he bore huge responsibilities, was subject to the bitterest disappointments, physical and otherwise. Again and again he had to pass to Glory by the way of Gethsemane, yet his last cry of triumph, as the most terrible calamity was being dissolved, was, "The works of God are sure if—if you will only believe!"

Do you not suppose there were circumstances and seasons when that "if" confronted him; when, like his Master, he cried out in anguish of spirit, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me—but he did not stop the Master—? But he did not stop the Master—? He continued, "Nevertheless, Father, not my will, but Thine, be done!" He endured unto the end, and, like Abraham after he had endured, he obtained the promise.

Oh, I am thinking there will be millions of us who will to-day in this poor, stricken, bleeding land will be bearing at this Christmastide some deep secret or open sorrow, maybe caused by the sins and follies of others, who will be wondering if God ever hears their prayers, and even if it is any use praying at all. If they will only believe this promise, "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear!"

There are thousands of others this Christmas who, since that of 1914, have lost all they possessed, who will be struggling with the direst doubts as to whether, after all, there is a Christ, and it is this that causes the Christians to be all the more of mystery, destruction, and death. If only such could believe that little verse, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father? But ye are of more value than many sparrows—the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

There are thousands more this Christmas time who will be struggling with poverty for the first time; adversity will be pressing heavily upon them! They will have to watch their loved ones in want, which is much greater pain than being in need ourselves. If only they could believe this promise, beautiful among the beautiful, "I say to you, I will comfort you." The promises are all there, "If you will only believe"! and have "Faith in the night as well as the day!" Faith shines brighter in the dark! It is like a wee phosphorescent cross I once had when young, which hung over my bed. It was very pretty in the sunlight, and everybody used to admire it, but I would say to them all, "Oh, but you should see it in the darkness of the night!" Even so proved the promises of God later in life, when the storms blew, when the little babies died, when I buried my best and truest and dearest—it was then in darkness that the promises shone sure, when if only I could believe!

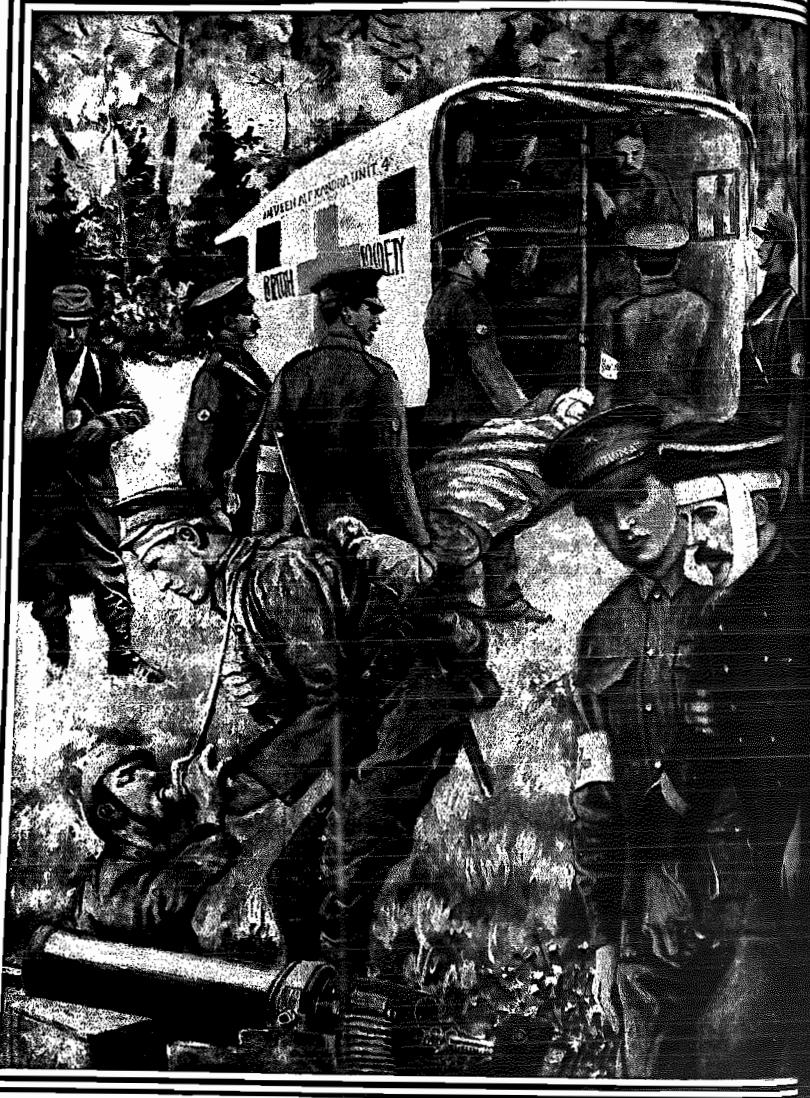
"Believe though the sky is darker than ever—before—Believe though the mists have arisen and you cannot see the shore! Believe though your heart is breaking; remember His promise, 'I care'—Just trust—Just dare!"

Believe, Oh, believe; He is faithful; Just trust Him, just follow,

Editorial Section



A FAMILIAR SIGHT at Christmastide in the large cities of the Dominion is that of Salvationists collecting for the poor, and the substantial sums given are proof of the confidence the public has in the Salvation Army. Last Christmas Eve a gentleman, with his coat collar turned up, evidently anxious to avoid recognition, dropped into the pot a roll of twenty-five-dollar bills—tied together in a rough and ready manner with a piece of string—just as casually though it were a single dollar bill. It is thought he was the man who gave five hundred dollars the year previous. It is not in the power of all to give a thousand-dollar gift, but most can put in a quarter to help keep the pot hoiling for the poor at Christmas. And we earnestly ask our readers to remember those who need our help.

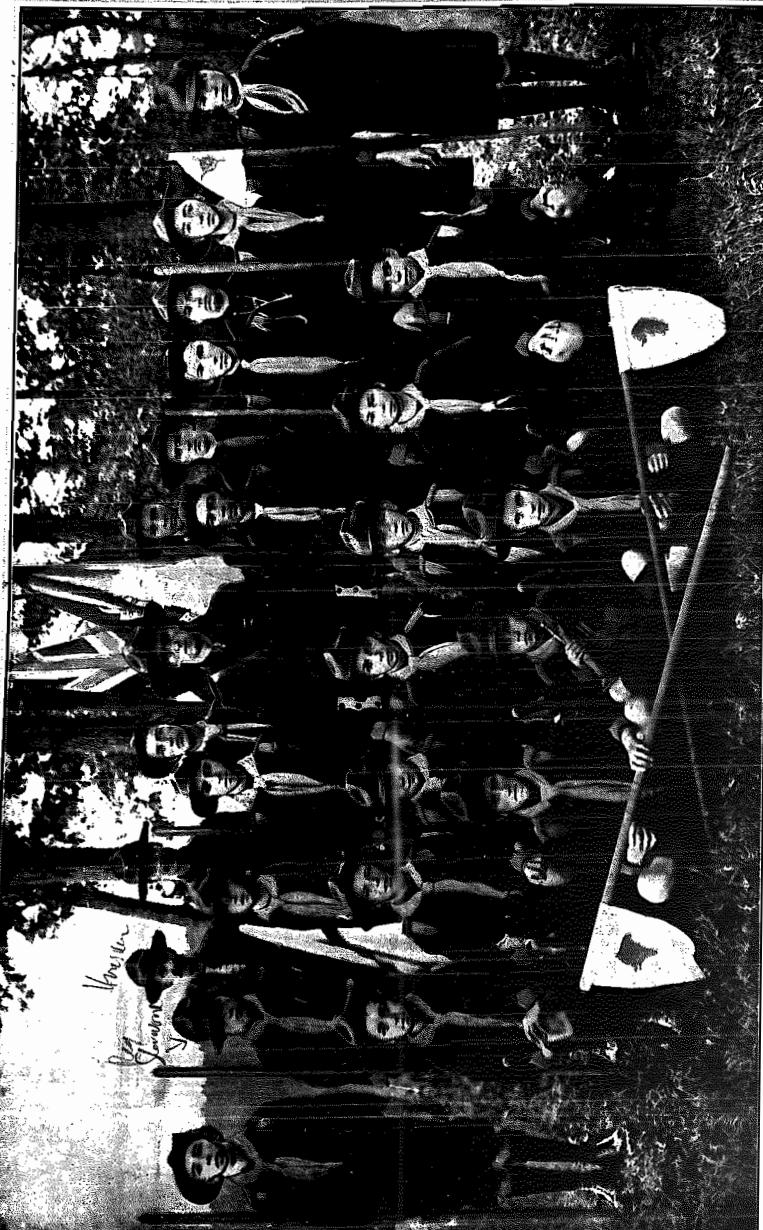


CHRIST ON THE BATTLEFIELD

OUR ILLUSTRATION is designed to show in pictorial form some of the agencies for the spiritual and material well-being of those in the firing line. In the foreground will be seen the Chaplain affording spiritual consolation to the dying soldier, and receiving from him his last message to those at home. The Salvation Army has official and auxiliary Chaplains with all the belligerent forces except those of Austria and Turkey. With the Canadian Overseas Forces we have six Chaplains with the honorary rank of Captain. In the immediate foreground is a Salvationist with a wounded Belgian. Over eight thousand wounded Belgian soldiers have passed through our hands. In the background

stands a Motor Ambulance. Four Units of Motor Ambulances have been presented to the Military Authorities by The Salvation Army. Canada has just contributed three cars. These cars are operated by Salvationists. There are approximately two thousand Salvation Army Bandsmen at the front, who, when on active service, act as stretcher-bearers. There are thousands of members of The Army's Naval and Military League who embrace every opportunity of assisting distressed—friend and foe alike, as shown by the British soldier who is giving a drink from his water-bottle ... a wounded German, who proved to be a Salvationist also. Further particulars of this humanitarian work will be found on Page 6.





A TROOP OF TORONTO
LIFE-SAVING SCOUTS

This is a Salvation Army activity on behalf of the Young People which has been inaugurated during 1915. It has met with great popularity and success, and promises to accomplish great good amongst the boys



COMMISSIONER W. J. RICHARDS

Chief Officer of The Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland

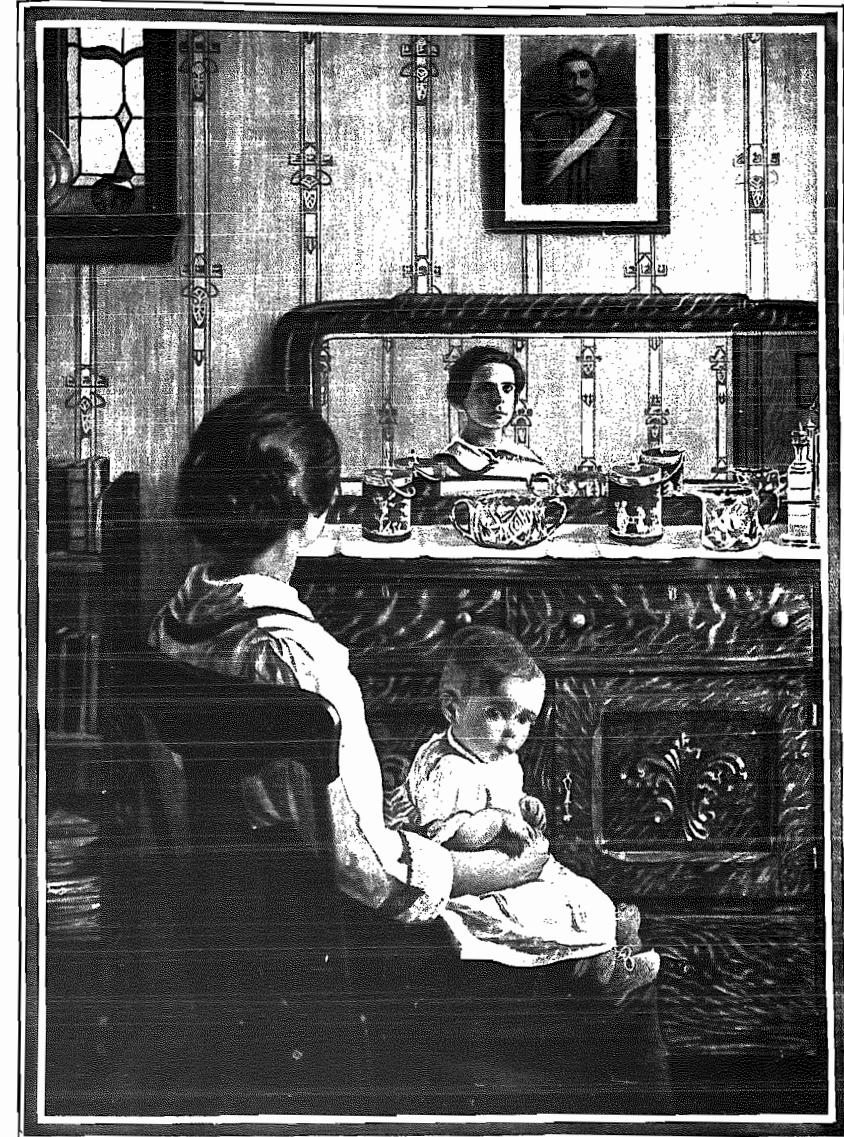


"I WILL GIVE YOU REST"

*By Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
A Message to the Poor and the Oppressed
in the Land of Opportunity*

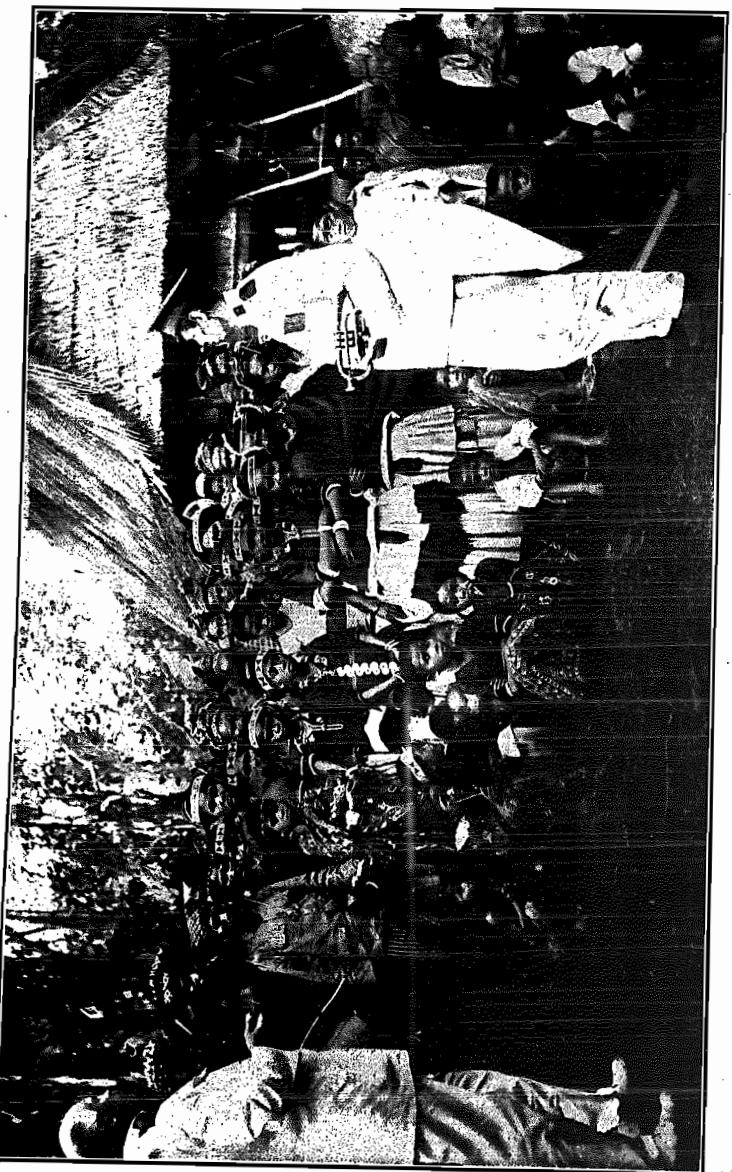


MRS. COMMISSIONER RICHARDS



**HE IS SOMEWHERE
IN FRANCE THIS CHRISTMAS**

Nearly two thousand Salvation Army Bandsmen are serving at the front. Sixty Toronto Bandsmen enlisted in a fortnight, and all over the Dominion this Christmas there are Bandsmen's wives who will fondly gaze at the portrait of the dear absent one. Pray for them.



MISSIONARY WORK IN MID-CELEBES

This interesting photograph shows Lieut.-Colonel de Groot and Captain Jevons holding an open-air meeting with the natives of Sodawu, Celebes. The Grot is continuing to be opened to Salvation Army Missionaries. The Grot is presented by The Army in thirty-six languages.

•THE THIRD GENERATION•



GENERAL & MRS. WILLIAM BOOTH.



Capt. BERNARD BOOTH.



GENERAL & MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.



Capt. MIRIAM BOOTH.



Cadet Sergeant-Major OLIVE BOOTH.



Bandman WYCLIFFE BOOTH.

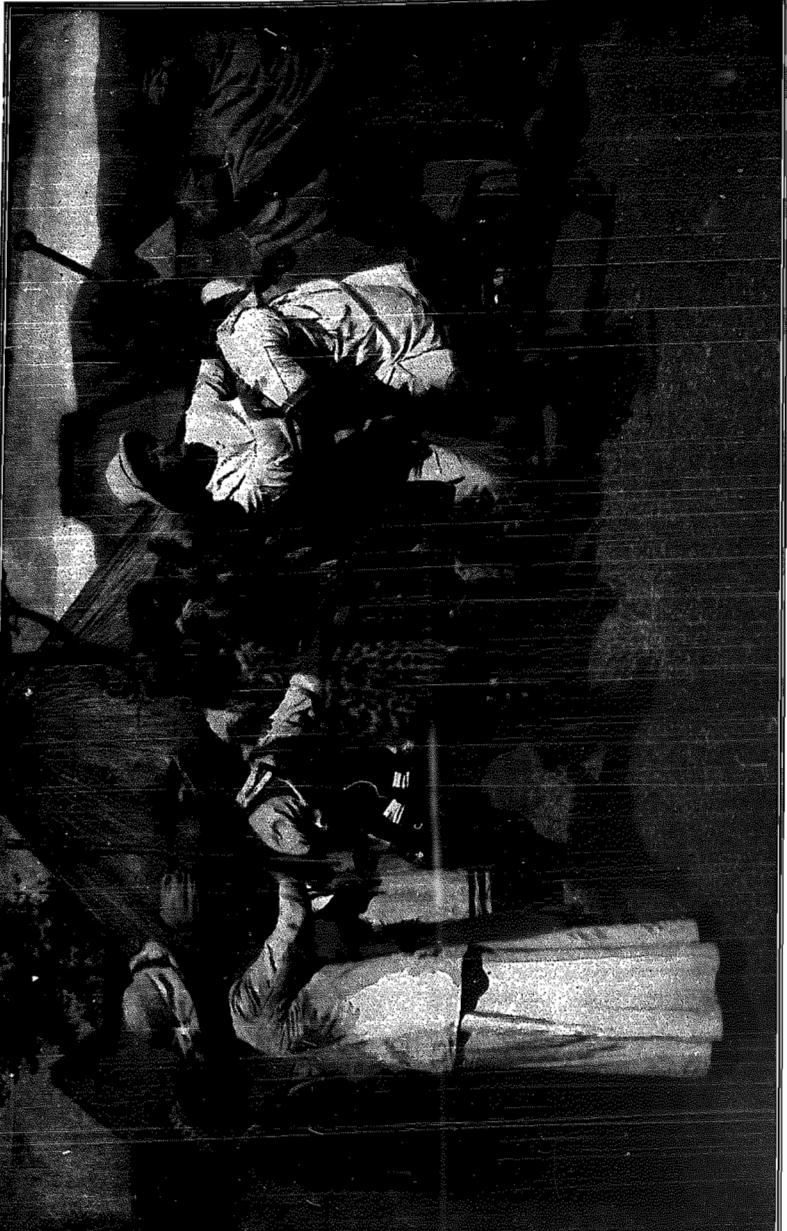


Major CATHERINE BOOTH.



Treasurer DORA BOOTH.

• *The Sons and Daughters of General Bramwell Booth* •



While the Government has put down the old internal fighting, numbers still arise among South African natives and often lead to lamentable bloodshed. Much trouble of this kind springs from the holdings of native settlers. The role of "Peacemaker-in-Chief" is only one of the many unexpected capacities in which The Army Officers who are stationed at Native Settlements have to act. (See Page 23.)

SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS ARRIVE IN TIME TO STOP A FIGHT AT A NATIVE KRAAL



"Oh, MFundi, I have a fire, a raging fire here!" . . . "Ha, it is his sciatic nerve that's bothering him," remarked the leader.

MISSION FIELD SKETCHES

COMMISSIONER RICHARDS, when in charge of The Army's operations in South Africa, once visited a settlement in Zululand. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, the Secretary for the Native Work. The Officer in charge of the Settlement, Adjutant M'Bambo, organized a great procession of converts—the results of two years' labours—to meet the Commissioner. The following stories briefly describe some of the Zulu converts who formed the front rank of the procession:—

THE MIRACLE

WITH head thrown back, flashing eyes, and her bare, bronze arms grasping the flag-staff, she might have been posed for a heroic figure in sculpture. Her ample body pulsated with vitality, and nothing seemed more alive than the human eye. But, dead and her body had been dug, and lamentations had been made on her account. To the simple children of the wilderness she was a miracle: "she had been raised from the dead."

This is how it happened:—

The woman had been sick for some days, and it life seemed to leave her. Perhaps she had: who knows?—and, after a considerable time she lay still and apparently breathless. Her friends gathered round and manifested their grief, and the grave-diggers performed their mournful task.

Among those who came to show their sympathy with the bereaved ones was the Salvation Army Officer. He had received into the hut with great courtesy—for it had been his request. He stood by the side of the lifeless woman, and, although the bearers stood around ready to carry her out, an instinct or a Divine prompting caused him to delay the funeral. He desired to pray beside the body of the supposed dead.

After prayer an instinct or a Divine prompting—which again caused him to place his hand upon the dead woman's face. He was conscious of a touch that was not deathlike; and uncon-

sciously he gently rubbed the face, and from that passed to slapping the hands. To his surprise, a warm colour seemed to overspread the face of the dead woman, and, as manipulations and prayers and then, to his surprise, the supposedly dead woman sat up and spoke.

There was excited amazement when the natives came to carry out the burial and found the corpse alive and apparently well. They marvelled at the powers of The Salvation Army Officer who, they considered, had raised her from the dead, and they called him the "resurrection man."

This afforded him an opportunity of preaching unto the natives the glorious news that "he that believeth, though he were dead, yet shall be live."

The woman believed, and experienced a new birth into righteousness.

A "SMELLING-OUT"

ACRIME had been committed at the Great Place. A precious article belonging to the chief's wife had been stolen, and efforts made to recover it so the barbaric custom of "smelling-out" the thief was to be resorted to.

In the morning came the witch doctor and all the men and women about the Great Place were assembled together. The doctor, after due preparation, went through his incantations and his wild witch-finders' dance. The women, among them the chief's wife, stood in a circle, clapping their hands in time with the dancing and chanting with weird, impressive effect, while the doctor told of what happened and the malice which some one bore to the chief's wife. The men sat together listening, the lurid light in their eyes showing how their savage and superstitious feelings were aroused.

"A snake has been sent by us

owner to take the precious article," the witch doctor said. "A big snake." "Who is the owner of that snake?" one of the men asked.

"Noma" was the reply.

Noma was the name of the old woman. It vain she denied the accusation, but the women of the tribe moved away from her. They would not sit with such a polluted being.

She was examined and cross-examined again, but she denied ever having caused the precious thing to be taken, or being able to find it. She was cruelly treated and then confessed the crime.

Then, on the advice of the witch-doctor, it was decided that she should be tortured by fire to make her confess. She was placed in a grass hut, and the structure was set alight. The dried grass and reeds roared and blazed like an inferno, and when the flames and smoke had died away, only the charred remains lay around the smoking ashes.

"We did it in our ignorance, MFundi," We only did as our fathers had done, and we but obeyed our chief. Truly we did a horrible thing, but we did it in darkness. Will not the good God forgive us for this sin?"

The woman believed, and experienced a new birth into righteousness.

The news of the "smelling-out" and the burning of the old native woman had reached the ears of the Government, and the three men who placed the old woman in the hut were fined. The doctor, the witch-doctor, and the chief were arrested, convicted, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. While in prison they had been visited by a native Salvation Army Officer; and, as a result of his prayers and counsels they desired to have the mercy of God shown to them. God was merciful to these three prisoners.

On their release from prison they became consistent, happy Salvationists, and were to the front in the great procession to welcome the Commissioner into their district.

THE "MAD" ZULU

ANATIVE of herculean frame, with a **S**ea-giant's chestnut hair, a huge arm and a huge hand to his lips, led the procession. He was a

notable character, and for many years had been considered by the natives who dwelt in the locality to be a saint.

His hut was isolated from that of the others. It was erected by the side of what had been for generations a native track or road, but it was his custom to sit at the entrance of his hut and make indescribably hideous faces and blood-curdling sounds to the women and children as they passed by. This was done, it is said, that they avoided his hut as if it contained pestilence. His mighty strength and ferocious character caused men to shun him, and, in consequence, the road became deserted and another made—a most unusual thing for natives to do.

The madman's wife led a most unhappy life. He had bought her when he was young, but so evil was he that his brother, a native father would sell him a daughter to become a wife to him, so the two lived in solitude.

The Salvation Army Officer heard of him, and one day visited him in his hut. The "madman," who sat crouching in the shadows, received his visitor in silence and listened to his words. Hour after hour he sat there, and the man of God continued his counsel. At last the crazed native broke his silence, and said:—

"The words which thou hast spoken, M'Fundu, are good words, but they are not for me. They are suitable for my wife, and she shall come to thy meetings and hear more of what thou hast to say. Go to her."

The visitors went away, but the woman attended the meetings and, in due course, became soundly converted.

Again the Officer went to the hut of the "Madman." By this time the Officer's former counsel and the words and demeanour of his converted wife had produced an effect upon him so that he was ready to receive the truth. The Salvationist should say:—After another period of probation, the one-time lunatic knelt before God and cried to Him for mercy and strength to serve Him. He became a thoroughly changed man.

The news spread far and wide, and numbers came from far and near to talk with him about conversion. He was a wonderful attraction at the meetings, and he has been the means of the conversion of a great number of natives. The change in him was so great that none could dispute it.

EXILED TO THE HILLS

SHE was young and her limbs were as round and supple as young willows; her teeth were white as milk and because she was nearly always smiling, they were frequently to be seen. Her eyes were large and bright as a star. She was good to look upon, but because she was the wife of Chief Nobulongue, who was rich, but red-eyed with drunkenness, gave her many head of cattle to her avuncular father, and took her to be his sixth wife.

Hard work in the fields and herding cattle had made the native wives of Nobulongue old and ill-favoured in their time, but they regarded with envy the young wife, who had succeeded them in the favour of their lord and master.

The Salvation Army came into the valley and held meetings; and one, a man of her own people, played wonderful music upon a concertina, and she, with others, went to the meetings where, beside the music, she was told things of which she had never heard before, and it came to pass that one day she knelt before God at the Mercy Seat and sought God's Salvation.

Now, the other wives heard of this, and because they were jealous of the young wife and knew her husband was bitterly opposed to her attending the Salvation Army, they told the chief of her attendance at these services, and the tale lost nothing by the manner of its telling. The chief took tools his knucklebones, and summoned the chief of his tribe to follow him, went out to meet the young wife, who was tripping along, happy in the newly-found love of Christ that was shed abroad in her heart.

The path she followed was winding, and a clump of yellow-flowered mimosa shrubs hid the road. After passing the shrubs, she suddenly came upon her husband and his following, who greeted her appearance with loud grunts of disapproval.

She was seized and brought before the chief, her husband.

"Will you give up this Jesus?" he demanded. "You have promised Jesus to be faithful, and cannot give Him up." said the trembling young native woman, who possessed the spirit of the martyrs.

Tears and promises proceeded from the lips of her husband, but she was steadfast in her

constancy to the Christ who redeemed her by His Blood.

Then the infuriated husband fell upon her with his mighty knucklebones, and belaboured her until his great strength was gone. After calling her all the opprobrious names that he could think of, he addressed his followers, and pointing to the poor, broken, and bruised woman lying at his feet, threatened them with dire punishment if any of them gave her bread or assisted her in any way.

Then turning to the young Christian native woman, who had endured her terrible beating in silence, he said to her:—

"Begone, thou, to the mountains, where the baboons and the leopards prowl, and see that thou dost never return to the kraal. And drawing his blanched arm around him, the chief stalked away with his followers, the ill-tempered ones being filled with malicious glee at the terrible punishment that had been meted out to their rival.

Weakly she dragged her aching body up the steep mountain's side, and then lay down exhausted. At night she sheltered herself from rain and wild beasts in the clefts of the rocks, and by day she fed on wild berries and grass and quenched her thirst at the streams.

A strange thing had happened. The chief became possessed with a deep yearning for the presence of his wife, who had been so well treated. Nine days had passed since he had driven her to the mountains. What had become of his bright-eyed one?

Calling the chief to the kraal together, he sent them out into the hills to bring back his exiled wife. After a long search they found her, emaciated and ill through the hardships she had endured.

They took her to the kraal and laid her before her husband.

She endured the brutal savagery. He told her that she should go to The Army's meetings and should love Jesus; but he wanted her with him and to love him also.

The reconciliation was complete. She became a Young People's Sergeant-Major, and rendered many years' faithful service, and then passed in triumph to the skies.

This is the story that was told by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith at a Congress meeting in South African language, and of those who came in the procession, of which we have spoken, to meet Commissioner Richards, on the occasion of his visit to that locality.

FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE

SUDDENLY out of the long veldt grass arose the figure of a gigantic native. The muscles rippled under the shining ebony skin; for he was garbed as Adam was, save that instead of an apron of fig leaves, he wore an apron of wild-cats tails. But his face was drawn with agony, and he advanced towards the Salvationists with a halting gait that was manifestly painful.

"What is the matter?" asked one, speaking in Zulu speech.

"Oh, M'Fundu," replied the suffering native, in his mother tongue, "I have a fire, a raging fire—here—" and he smote his hip as though he would scatter to the four winds the brands that burned.

"It is his sciatic nerve that's bothering him," remarked the leader of the Salvationists.

The native implored assistance, whereupon the leader said: "You are suffering from sciatica. I can give you relief, but it will be by a fire hotter than the fire you now endure. Place the poultice that I will supply upon the place where the fire burns, then afterwards the fire will go."

The native listened attentively as the words were translated, and gazed with awe on the Salvationist as he tore out a leaf of his notebook and on it wrote the prescription for a poultice.

"You know where the M'Fundu's house is?" asked the interpreter. The native answered in the affirmative.

"I will let a man take this to the house, and when he is doing his place upon the fire in your bones and tell him that if he loses as much as one drop of what he receives, so much of the virtue will be gone."

A hopeful and grateful native was left behind. But they were destined to meet again.

The visit to the Settlement had been a blessed one. Five hundred raw natives had attended the meetings, and scores had sought Salvation. The Salvationists were household bound, and as they drew near to a village, the practised ear

of the interpreter heard sounds indicative of a native beer-drink.

They entered the compound and saw a number of men lying or sitting around, in various stages of intoxication occasioned by the consumption of a beer brewed from Kaffir corn, a drink of great potency. It was a time of revelry and degrading pleasure; and it was deemed proper and timely to call a halt and declare unto them that the inestimable riches of God were at hand. But the interpreter, wise in the ways of natives, suggested that they have their horses near to them, and keep open a road of retreat.

The harmfulness of their practices was pointed out to the native revellers. Some grew angry. There were low mutterings, glowering looks, and fierce beatings with wide-bladed shields. Then some of the native bloods spurted to their feet and menacingly pointed towards the visitors. Things looked threatening, but suddenly the figure of a native towered above the fearsome warriors and a stentorian voice arrested the attention of all the revellers. In substance the speaker said:—

"Warriors, hearken unto me! Four suns ago I had a fire here" (again smote his thigh), "a raging fire, a fire so fierce that which makes you burn like the sun when it rises above the hills in the early dawn. The M'Fundu's who are here today passed my way. I told them of the fire that burned, and one said he would send me a fire that should be hotter than the fire in my bones; but that the greater fire would put out the lesser. I told them of the fire that was of wood of truth, I am healed. Let them go in peace."

The visitors mounted their horses and rode away in peace, praying that the seed thus sown would bring forth an abundant harvest.

A TRAGEDY AVERTED

A NATIVE of the Amakosa Tribes called at the residence of the Government Agent and urgently demanded an interview with the white headman of the district.

He was admitted into the presence of the Englishman who was the representative of British law and order for that district, located on the borders of Natal, and who had a well-deserved reputation for fearless and impartial justice.

"You want to see me, boy?" said he.

"Yes, master!" replied the native, whose eyes were flashing and whose facial muscles were working with uncontrollable anger.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I have a wife, who will not do as I tell her. I want to put her away after the manner of the laws of the white land."

"What do you mean? You want to divorce the woman; is that it?"

"Yes, master."

"What does she do that makes you want to get a divorce, and put her away?"

"She goes to The Salvation Army."

"Well, there's nothing wrong about that. It is good that she should attend the meetings of the church. I can't grant you a divorce for that. I recommend you to go to The Salvation Army also."

"You refuse me the divorce, master?"

"Yes; certainly."

"Then I will divorce myself." And gathering his leopard skin kaross about his dusty form, the irate native strode rapidly across the veldt.

The Government Agent and the Secretary of the Salvation Army Native Work, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith—who was visiting the Corp in the neighbourhood and was billeted with the M'Fundu—sat on the stoop just after the mucky meal.

"By the way, Colonel, I had a man here this morning who wanted me to grant him a divorce because his wife attended meetings of The Salvation Army."

"Is that so? What sort of a man was it?"

"A big fellow with a large head—on his face."

"I have heard of that man from our Native Officer who is in charge of our work in this locality. He is bitterly opposed to Christianity, and is a great drunkard, practices witchcraft, and is very much addicted to the bad old usages of the natives."

"Well, if that be so, your Officer might keep an eye on him, for he certainly looked very evil as he left me, and declared that he would 'divorce' me; an expression that has a somewhat sinister sound."

"Then, with your permission, I will see the Officer at once."

(Concluded on Page 27)

TROOPER

An Incident Connected With



MCKENNA

The 5th African Constabulary

FROM directly overhead in a cloudless sky the sun beats pitilessly down upon the shadowless land. The grass of the veld has long since lost any right to be termed green—where it has not been burnt clean off by the wasteful firesticks of ignorant farmers it has been bleached almost white by the midsummer sun, for it lacks only a few days to Christmas.

The only stir in the air is an occasional heat-formed whirlwind, the track of which is marked by a smother of dust and bits of dried grass. The broad road track is deep with flyby dust; that pothers up like smoke from every footfall of man or beast, and floats lazily in the air for some time before settling again to earth. Everything looks dry and dead; and under the miraged sun the ripples of the rippling water that only just a few rods ahead seems to be flowing with such tempting coolness across the arid road.

On patrol duty, a trooper of the South African Constabulary is riding moodily along. Every nerve in his body is calling for moisture, and even momentary relief from the heat of the sun, and cracking lips. A great thirst consumes him. The mocking mirage irritates him beyond measure, and at one moment, when the contours of the country favours the deception and it seems as if a deep cool pool can be reached by a few swift strides, he involuntarily elapses his spurs to his horse's flanks, and with a yell of pain follows with the sudden movement which follows wakes him from the half-dreamy state into which he has dropped. Then another mirage fills his vision—it shuns happiness at the bottom of a spirit glass. Would that he were as quickly awoken to the deception of the one as of the other.

A length they reach a dam in which there is a little muddy water left. This is the spot selected for the regulation "off-saddle"—once every four hours. With a sigh of satisfaction John McKenna springs from his seat. First, off-saddle, next a drink for the horse; then, after seeing that the nosebag of provender is so fixed that the animal can't pull it off, John takes off his own leather helmet and lays down his head, pillow on the saddle, for a few minutes' doze. His horse, tethered to his knee by the single rein, stands munched by, but the crumpling of corn and the rattle of the loose-languishing bridle die in his ears—he is far away.

The sky he is looking into is no longer a haze, but a clear blue; the moon is softly illuminating a lovely scene of mountain and lake, and the stars are not only twinkling as they cannot do except through a moisture-laden atmosphere, but show the constellations of the north; he is at home again in Cumbernauld.

He has been burnt black and blue, but the sun has been burning him, and he is not yet dead. His horse, tethered to his knee by the single rein, stands munched by, but the crumpling of corn and the rattle of the loose-languishing bridle die in his ears—he is far away.

The sky he is looking into is a blinding mist of tears, and John awakes.

It is time to trek. He calls at one or two of the widely-separated farms on his patrol, and returns to his Bokstad, weary and heart-sick, in time for tea. In the evening he is on duty at the police office.

"Whatever it is, it's no business of yours!" is his reply.

Just then the supposed prisoner, roused out of his stupor by some freak of his drinking, burst into the office, shouting and swearing. The constable, who is speaking, and the scene is at Bloemfontein between two and three years later than Trooper McKenna's Bokstad escapade.

"Yes, sir," replies the sergeant, "he was in the

police barracks yesterday, and placed under escort, Trooper McKenna being ordered mount guard over the prisoner."

"Then he has been well brought up, John. He is a good many young fellows, has left home to see the world and have his sling, and is doing so—he is already beginning to find out, however, that this means throwing himself against the world, getting harder and harder, and where he is he is all right."

The whistle, however, continues to sound it shrill call for help, despite terrific threats of what will be done if it is not stopped, and eventually a trooper who is on town duty hears it, as does also the other constable. They come to the rescue, and the constable, who is the officer in charge, orders the man to go to the cell and is drunk as a prisoner.

He duly mounts guard, but there is no guard of the guard of the guard of the guard.

Before long the latter is out of his cell and the the cell together.

Unfortunately for the constable, the three men implicated have arranged between them that they will put the blame for the row upon him. Non but he and themselves have witnessed what has taken place, and when the constable makes his report to the first man, who is drunk in uniform and created a disturbance in the town, there is no one who can, or will, support the version of the constable or what happened within the barracks and thus the part of the charge referred to this falls through. McKenna is found "no guilty."

Having left the Constabulary, John has drifted to Johannesburg, in company with a set as gay and reckless as himself. It is Sunday evening and on their way to a place of amusement they cross the market square. As they do so the Army band is heard to play, and the constable dashes through the streets to intercept it. When the soldiers march off to their Hall, John follows.

The meeting has nearly closed before any thought of Salvation enters John's head, but suddenly his attention is caught by what the Officer's wife is saying—she is speaking of the manner in which the Holy Spirit sometimes sets before the mind pictures of the past in order that we may see by comparing them with the present what they are in.

In a moment John's thoughts go back to the vision of that afternoon on the dusty, drought-stricken veld. In the prayer meeting the speaker comes and deals with the young man who is son of a constable from of old; but she has two sons, and when the first goes to the Penitent Form the second, John, follows.

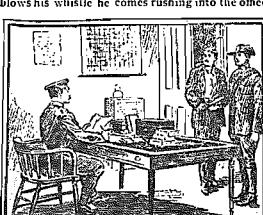
"Dear me, sergeant, I have some recollection of the name but cannot quite place it. Do you know this man McKenna, who says he wants to see me?"

"Yes, sir," replies the sergeant, "he was in the Commissioner of the Orange Free State Police who is speaking, and the scene is at his office at Bloemfontein between two and three years later than Trooper McKenna's Bokstad escapade."

"Oh, yes, sir. I recollect. I tried the case, and although there was no direct evidence against him, I was sure in my own mind he was at least to some extent guilty. I wonder what he wants. Any way, I see him. Let me come in."

The sergeant is summoned, and as he calls out to his friend, who is waiting downstairs, after having sent a special request for a two or three minutes' interview with his old chief.

"Well, McKenna, how are you? Sit down and tell me as shortly as—(Concluded on Page 27)



In the Office of the Commissioner of Police

FLOTSAM and JETSAM

NOT long ago a large ship, bound from Montreal to Toronto with a cargo of sugar, was driven by a storm to the shore. It lay a silent witness of the destruction of the ship. With her bow and stern mashed in, there she lay on the rocks, being mercilessly pounded by giant waves, which threatened every moment to complete the work of destruction. When the storm abated a crowd of men and women came to the scene of the wreck to see the broken remnants of the once noble ship, now useless and abandoned.

But one could not help but be struck with the analogy between ships and humanity. How many men and women there are who, whilst passing over the sea of life, are driven by waves of doubt, despair and retrenchment? Battured wrecks of their once trimmest selves, useless and abandoned by friends, their pitiable position excites our sympathy. And is not just such as these that the Army extends helping hand in their hour of utmost need. Here are a few typical samples of such salvage work, which have recently come under our notice:

ON THE WATER WAGON

He was nearly fifty years of age and his total capital was fifty-five cents. After half a century of toiling and struggling he had built up a small savings and reward for it. But poor Tom had been foolish with the money he earned, and the bookkeeper had got possession of the greater part of it. He came shuffling into the Army Metropole one drizzling night, wet through to the skin, and as he sat drying his sooty by the stove, the Officer learned part of his story.

"Yes, sir, I had as good a start in life as any man," declared the poor wretch. "My father gave me a thorough business education and started me as a bookkeeper in the office of — & Co. But I failed to see my opportunities, and instead of striving to serve my employers to the utmost of my ability, I merely did the least possible work, and was often reprimanded for idleness and arriving late. The company I got in with didn't help me any and often I was completely incapacitated for work through my drunkenness and debauchery of the night before. The consequence was I lost my position. Another was obtained for me, and for time I made an attempt to reform. But while I proved my downfall again.

Since then I have drifted from place to place, holding a job for a time and then getting a ignominy. My dear old mother died of a broken heart, and my wife long ago refused to have anything more to do with me. I am, fifty years of age, alone and friendless, and down and out. I feel like ending it all, in the river at times, but then, Oh, I'd die if it frightened me to think of what's beyond. You do think there's any hope for a man like me?"

The Captain ignored the sneer and reluctantly tried to win him over to take a sensible view of things.

"Now, the best thing you can do is to come with me and stay at my place for a while," he said. "The police have said they will arrest me and it will save you going to jail."

"Look here, old fellow," said the Captain, "I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll get me a good drink of whiskey, I'll go with you, only I must make the condition that we walk on opposite sides of the street."

The Captain decided to let him stay in the Police Station. A month later the man was in the

SOME STRIKING HUMAN DOCUMENTS CONCERNING WRECKS ON THE SEA OF LIFE, AND HOW THE ARMY SALVAGED THEM

Tom came home to The Metropole one night in his half-drunken condition. Pleadings were of no avail and the man went from bad to worse until at last he came within the clutches of the law and was sentenced to a term in jail. But The Army never gives up hope for man.

The Captain visited the jail and talked with Tom, but all to no avail. When Tom got out of jail he came back again. Many men who had ceased their efforts to help Tom after this,

toiled again. He pleaded with the Magistrate to be put on the Indian list, so that he could not be compelled to drink liquor. "Why don't you go with The Salvation Army?" said the Magistrate. "They will help you if anyone on earth can." By this time the poor chap must have thought that his last vestige of respect had fled, for he signified his willingness to go with the Captain. He was in a terrible shape. His face was a red and battered thoroughbred. "The SMART SOLDIER, who became a drunken old man

falling about on the street; his clothes were torn and muddy, and his health, it was plain to see, had suffered greatly through his excesses. Like a whipped cur, he slouched after the Captain. To further the hands of The Salvation Army, who in his opinion, about the world over degradation he could suffer.

The Captain had as hard a task with this man as he had ever had with anyone. He sat silent and moody most of the time and was not at all responsive to the Captain's efforts to cheer him up. But little by little the man won his way into the heart. He proposed one night that they should take a walk together, the Captain putting on plain clothes in consideration for his feelings.

"I talked to him about principle," said the Captain, "and the nobility of standing firm in our resolve for good. It seemed to affect him very little."

These walks became of frequent occurrence and after awhile the Captain ventured to approach the subject of religion. Rather to his surprise the man acknowledged that he believed.

The Army was right in its beliefs after all, and that was the reason that the man won his way into the heart. The Captain urged him to get right with God there and then, but he apparently thought the matter had to be argued out, like a case in Court. But the Captain has hopes of his thorough conversion yet.

Through the active efforts of the Captain this man obtained a position with the Army. He took his pay and his first month's salary he paid for his board and lodging whilst with the Army. He has kept off the drink ever since he went home with the Captain, and is in a fair way once more of making good from a material standpoint. Let us hope he will at length find the peace that passeth all understanding, and thus be a success in the sight of God.

THE OLD SOLDIER

Poor old Joe was Wreck No. 3. He was seventy-one years of age when The Army first got hold of him. In his early days he had been a British soldier. He had come to Canada as far back as 1879, and for many years had worked in the woods of New Brunswick. Then he went railroading out West. All the time he was a very hard drinker, and it played havoc with his constitution.

In his old age he appeared in the Police Station as a drunk and a vagrant. So old was he that he could not walk without the aid of a thick stick. He was also filthy dirty.

At the way from the Police Court to the Metropole he cried like a child. "Purty hard, Capen, purty hard!" he said, "to come to this at my time of life."

The Captain prepared a good hot (Continued on Page 29)

THE BOOKKEEPER, who became a drunken old man

fit day he made a definite appeal. "For God's sake, help me to a better life, Captain!" he said.

That was an appeal the Captain could not resist and he felt glad that he had not yielded to the man's entreaties for money. He took him home with him, got him to clean himself up and then a good job was found for him.

"Now, we'll see," said the Captain. And thus Tom made a new start. Nearly a year has passed since then and Tom is still on the water wagon, is holding a good position, and is grateful to The Army for temporal and spiritual help in the hour of his dire need.

FROM LAW TO THE "COOP"

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THE YOUNG SPORT, who became a drunken old man



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lad and married a girl wife when he was in his 'teens.' His drunken and vicious habits soon caused her to leave him, however. Then he was completely to the dogs and became addicted to the morphine habit. When only 28 years of age he was arrested with a woman who claimed to be his wife, and charged with insanity, the result of morphine.

"Can you do anything for this man?" said the Magistrate to The Salvation Army Captain.

"Certainly, sir," said the Captain.

"Then, sir, I'll hand him over to you for eight days," said the Magistrate. "Report to me at the end of that time."

The Captain had indeed a big problem on his hands. To cure an insane morphine fiend was a job not many men would care to tackle. And then there was the woman to be looked after, also.

Fortunately the Captain had a good friend who was a doctor. To him, therefore, he went, and asked if he could get the morphinamanic into a hospital and give him special treatment. After a good deal of trouble the doctor said he could do this. But the Captain also had some special treatment of his own for the poor chap and he relied on this more than on the hospital treatment. Every day he visited the patient and talked seriously to him about his soul and about the future. And he prayed with him and for him, and besought God to restore him to health and to his right mind.

At the end of eight days he was able to report to the Magistrate that the man was progressing favourably. A week later poor Harry was discharged from the hospital, and the Captain took him into his own home.

In the meantime, the Captain's wife had taken care of the young woman, and, after many serious talks, had persuaded her to give up her sinful life and try to earn an honest living. A good situation was secured for her, and she went to it with the resolve of living a better life in the future.

Harry had become his normal self again during his enforced stay in the hospital, and the Captain helped him in the avocation of now had again against his depressed spirit. He was very weak and needed constant watching and care, but the Captain felt rewarded when he noticed that Harry really tried to live a different life.

Learning that Harry was well connected—the only son, in fact, of a rich merchant—the Captain got in touch with the father, and was glad to receive a letter from him, saying that Harry could come home when he wished.

Five weeks after being handed over to The Army's care, Harry went home to his parents, a completely-transformed young man. Just lately the Captain received a touching letter of gratitude from the mother, thanking him for the help rendered her boy in trouble.

As Harry is a young man yet, well this side of thirty, he has a chance of many years of a useful and honoured life.

These four cases are but typical examples of the many hundreds of human wrecks salvaged by devoted Army workers. Pray that God may increasingly bless their labour of love, and strengthen their hands and hearts for the grapple with human sin, misery, and despair.

SALVATIONISTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

(Continued from Page 7)

Twice with shells and twice with bullets. The first shell fell three feet from me and I struck myself flat on the red mud, the ground covered with soil thrown up by the shell. The second shell exploded yesterday at 5:30 p.m. while I was conducting a funeral. There were twenty of us, and the shrapnel fell all around, and even into the grave, though by a miracle not one of us was hurt. One bullet grazed the top of my head and the other the tip of my right ear. However, I am in fine form. I have just come down now from spending four hours with the men in the front fire trench, having read to them in groups of ten and fifteen.

"I may, or may not, come out of this struggle alive, but whatever happens I am more than glad to be with the men preaching Jesus to them, and trying to live as a man of God should live.

"I am supremely happy and will die for my country and in the men's interests in readiness and without fear.

"God is faithful and never fails. I greet all comrades with Salvation salutations. God is with us."

The Praying League.

THEME FOR THANKSGIVING

That "Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulders; and His name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

PRAYER TOPICS

- That out of sorrow and strife may come the real joy of permanent peace—when the nations shall learn war no more."
- That homes desolated by this-devastating carnage may be comforted by the presence of the Prince of Peace.
- That the Corps depleted because comrades are with the troops may be reinforced by recruits in the Army of the King of kings.
- That all who suffer physically or mentally because of the ravages of war may be strengthened and healed by the Healer of Galilee.
- That the mission of Christ to bring Salvation life to all may be more clearly understood and accepted.

BIBLE STUDY ON SYMPATHY

SATURDAY, December 25—Christmas Day. Matthew 2:15.

SUNDAY, December 26—The Nobleman's Daughter. John 4:43-54.

MONDAY, December 27—The Withered Hand. Mark 3:1-5.

TUESDAY, December 28—The Blind Man. John 9:1-25.

WEDNESDAY, December 29—Apostles Comforted. Matthew 10:16-31.

THURSDAY, December 30—The Healer. Matthew 8:1-17.

FRIDAY, December 31—Sympathy With the Needy. Matthew 15:30-39.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By Mrs. Blanche Read-Johnston

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives . . . to comfort all that mourn."—Isaiah 61:1-2.

"Make your Prayer League contribution as Christmasy as possible," was the request of our talented Editor. And the admittance set in motion a current of thought; along that mental stream seemed outlined in silvery light one little word—Sympathy.

Christmasy! What has Christmas meant in past days? What does it mean in Anna Dounie 1915? It has meant gladness for childhood! We hope for many it will still mean happiness. But to multitudes of little ones it will bring a day without the presence of father. And the pathetic "Daddy is in the trenches," "Daddy is at the war," will tear-dim many a mother's eye.

Christmas in past times has meant re-union to many happy hearts! We hope it may be so again in a myriad cases. But how many homes will have the vacant chair and the heart-aching for dear son or father "somewhere in France, or with a name written upon the honour roll of the Empire."

Christmas has meant the exchange of gifts; it will surely do so again. But because of the tragedy of war and its multifarious claims for Red Cross and Patriotic purposes it must of necessity be of a much more modified form.

Sympathy! But one gift all can bestow: the human-Divine gift of sympathy. Let it be poured out lavishly, freely as precious treasure, upon all needy, lonely, and sorrowing hearts. Like the widow's cruse of oil, it will increase in its outpouring!

It may flow out in the form of kindly deeds, gentle words, thoughtful little services. If this ghastly war teaches us all how to be really kind, truly sympathetic, it will not have been all loss to the Empire.

Sympathy! And to those who by reason of the loss of dear ones, or the forced absence of members of your homes, or family circle, my brief Christmas greeting is:—

Remember the Christ of the Christmas-side; not so much in His Infant Advent, as in the life He spent going about doing good; binding up the broken hearts; healing suffering bodies and

comforting sorrowing spirits. Let the glad bells of the festive season ring out a carol to the Divine Saviour, rather than to the King of Bethlehem.

Let the praise be to Him who came that all might have life, and have it more abundantly. Do not dwell on your secret heart too much upon past joys. But look outward and upward: the radiance of the Star of Hope and Promise, which shone over Judah's hill, still shines in the dark sky of earth-pain and discord. "His name . . . wonderful."

"Ah, wonderful star, the horizon adorning, Bright herald of peace, to the world a glad warning;

Proclaiming at near on that beautiful morning The Prince and Redeemer of men.

"Ah, wonderful star, which the darkness confounded, Ab, wonderful Child by the shepherds surrounded, Ah, wonderful song which in praises resounded, O'er mountain and valley and glen."

TROOPER MCKENNA

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you can what you want with me. I am very busy, but if there is anything I can do for you I shall be pleased!"

"I think you will remember the case at Bokstad in which I was involved?"

"Yes."

"And that you tried it and found me 'not guilty'?"

"Yes."

"You will see by the badge I am now wearing that I have become a Salvationist, and that means, of course, that I have been converted. I want to go through The Salvation Army, and I am now trying to live a right life, and hope soon to be an Officer in its ranks."

"I am following you. Go on."

"I have felt that I ought to come and see you that my defence on that occasion was a pack of lies."

"I cannot say I am altogether surprised to hear it was, though I must confess I hardly expected you to tell me so."

"I thought it was my duty, particularly of account of Corporal Hill, who may perhaps be suffering on account of my action."

"Yes, I think you have done right to come and tell me, and I very much pleased you did so. I have been very much impressed with the work of The Army. I think it is doing a lot of good, and this does not decrease my estimate of it. Have you said anything to Corporal Hill yourself about the matter?"

"No, I thought I should tell you first, but I should like to write to him and make a full confession."

"Yes, I think you should do so."

"And now, my lad, may God bless you! I am very glad indeed that you are going to be a Salvation Army Officer, and I shall always be pleased to hear you are doing well and that you are sticking to it."

McKenna left with a lighter heart than he had for a fortnight, feeling he had done his duty in making this confession of past wrong, and had cleared the way for future usefulness and influence. He also wrote to the corporal, now a sergeant.

When last we saw him, McKenna was fighting bravely as an Officer in The Army, and striving might and main to make up for the years he had lost when he not only cared nothing for other people's souls, but was utterly neglectful of his own Salvation.

THE THIRD GENERATION

(Continued from Page 9)

him, subsequently kneeling down and offering prayer on his behalf. She insisted, too, upon his praying for himself. Then, assuring him that if he set himself to lead a new life, he would find her friend, she showed him out of the front door.

"Not only do we congratulate Ensign Mary Booth upon her courage and tact, but we also suggest that her method of dealing with the unwelcome intruder, is, after all, the best and most promising method for the reformation of criminals in general. It is The Army's way of, namely, to teach them about God, and at the same time not to overlook their temporal needs. We therefore pass on this incident as another object lesson in the great work of reclamation."



THE YOUNG RECRUIT UNDER FIRE

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him"